

Funeral Services
for

George ^{Alma} Blackley

held
Tuesday

August 28, 1951

Wasatch Stake Tabernacle

Bp. Heber M. Rasband

Conducting.

(Wife: Zella Davis BLACKLEY)

Funeral services for George Blackley, held Tuesday, August 28, 1951, at 2 P. M. in the Wasatch Stake Tabernacle.

Bp. Heber M. Rasband conducting.

Prayer in the family home was offered by Brother Arnold Johnson, a brother-in-law.

Prelude, Sister Vera Rasband.

Bp. Heber M. Rasband:

"My brothers and sisters, we have met in the funeral services for Brother George Blackley. The family prayer at the home was offered by Brother Arnold Johnson. The prelude has been played by Sister Vera Rasband. We will be favored with a vocal solo by Brother Clyde Pyper. He will sing, "Beyond The Reef," and will be accompanied by his sister, Jennie Johnson. Then Brother John Danielson will offer the opening prayer.

Vocal solo, "Beyond The Reef," Brother Clyde Pyper, accompanied by Sister Jennie Johnson.

"Beyond the reef where the sea is dark and cold,
My love has gone, and my dreams grow old,
There'll be no tears; there'll be no regretting,
Will he remember me; will he forget?
I'll send a thousand flowers where the trade winds blow,
I'll send my lonely heart, for I loved him so.
Some day I know he'll come back to me,
And then my heart will be beyond the reef.

I'll send a thousand flowers where the trade winds blow,
I'll send my lonely heart for I loved him so.
Some day I know he'll come back to me,
And then my heart will be beyond the reef."

Invocation, Brother John Danielson:

"Thanks unto Thee for that beautiful song. Before us lies the body of George Blackley. George was a friend to all men, and a very, very dear friend to many of us. We spent our early days in one another's back yards, and many of good times did we have.

George was a leader, a very good leader he was. Yes, Father, we did play some pranks, but we did not do anything that we know we can't be forgiven for. We lived the clean and pure life and kept ourselves unspotted from the sins of the world; and when we think of the good times that we have had, we almost wish that we could return

to youth.

We lived happily until the teen-ages-the latter part of the teens-when we separated, each going his way. George chose one of the finest girls in this County for a wife, Zella Davis. She was a beautiful girl, and she and George made a beautiful couple, and they have lived a fruitful life; have toiled and worked together. George was a good provider for his family. Together they raised ⁴sons, and found joy and satisfaction in this family, and they have been happy all the days of their lives.

Father, we ask Thy blessings upon Zella. She will be lonesome, because she and George were together all of the time. Bless her and comfort her. She is a good woman. We commend her unto Thee. And bless her boys that they may partly take the place of their father and love their mother; cheer her up.

And Father, we pray that those that may take part this day may receive Thy blessings. Be kind to the speakers. Be kind to those that sing or do anything that will make this service a success.

Now, George, farewell, old pal. We shall never forget the good times that we had in our youth. We shall remember you always. After these short services we shall say "Farewell" for the time being, and we hope that the day will come when we shall meet again and renew our old acquaintances. Father in Heaven, we commend George unto Thee as an honest man, a good husband who provided for his family, and this we do in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen."

Bp. Rasband:

"We'll be favored with a vocal duet by Brother Clyde Pyper and Sister Mima Rasband, and they will sing, "Silver-Haired Daddy Of Mine," and they will be accompanied by Jennie Johnson."

Vocal duet, "That Silver-Haired Daddy Of Mine," Clyde Pyper and Mima Rasband, accompanied by Jennie Johnson.

"In a vine-covered shack in the mountains,
Bravely fighting the battle of time,
Is a dear one who'se weathered life's sorrows,
'Tis that silver-haired Daddy of mine.

Cho. If I could recall all the heartaches,
 Dear old Daddy, I've caused you to bear;
 If I could erase those lines from your face,
 And bring back the gold to your hair.
 If God would but grant me the power,
 Just to turn back the pages of time,
 I'd give all I own if I could but atone
 To that silver-haired Daddy of mine.

I know it's too late, dear old Daddy,
 To repay all the sorrows and cares,
 But your mother is waiting in heaven
 Just to solace and comfort you there."

Bp. Rasband:

"Brother Moroni Moulton will be our first speaker. We'll then have a violin solo
 by Sister Maurine Thomas, "A Perfect Day." Brother George A. Fisher will then speak."

Speaker, Brother Moroni Moulton:

"My brothers and sisters, truly I hope the prayer will be fulfilled in my behalf;
 that God will bless and give me a portion of His Spirit, for I realize and know my
 weakness and I need it.

I haven't always had to have notes, but today I felt I must. I hope that I will
 be able to control my feelings. I kinda' feel like my place should be down among
 these mourners. They are so dear to my heart.

I am very happy that I have been privileged to be able to attend this service for
 my very good and most admired friend, George Blackley. I was grieved on learning of
 his passing. I had only recently inquired in Salt Lake about him of my brother that
 was down there. I knew he was sick and we rather expected it, but when death comes
 it always shocks us. We are never prepared. That we must die we all know. That was
 the plan that was laid down that we had nothing to do with. It's no fault of ours.
 It's something that we are all going to have to meet sooner or later, but we never
 seem to be prepared for it's coming and we are always grieved.

I certainly, more than you know, appreciate the honor that has come to me by
 being considered one of the very dear friends of this family, and asked to say some-
 thing here today. To me that is an honor that I'll always be glad and proud of. My
 dear cousin, Zella and her family, in requesting this has conferred upon me an honor,

I assure you. I have always loved and admired this family, and I have known them all of their lives.

To me, George Blackley had one of the grandest personalities of any man that I have ever known. He had always a smile when you met him, and a hearty handshake that made you feel, and really feel, that he was glad to see you. They were a happy family. As far as I know, I don't believe a couple has ever been married and lived together that have enjoyed, loved, and cherished each other as this good couple did. They loved their home. They loved home life. That's where they enjoyed themselves best. They loved their *children*. They got real pleasure out of them.

I have been entertained in their home--not too much--but I have been. My lot has been cast where I am away from them a lot, but I have never known anybody who could so graciously take care of friends and treat them nicer than Zella and George and their family. Zella is a real hostess, as all of you friends that know her will testify. She was a good cook and she was a real hostess, but how could she be otherwise, if you know her background, then you need not think back very far.

Her good old mother and her grandmother behind her--a good many of you will remember *Mary Goddard Collins DAVIS* Grandmother Davis; one of the grandest prizes she got out of life was when she could be serving somebody, and serving someone wherever possible. So, Zella could be nothing but a good and grand woman, a fine hostess and I'm sure she appreciates friends more or as much as anyone I ever knew.

When trouble like this comes to us we need, if we ever did, friends, and I am sure it will prove to you that they are here today, Zella, more even than I think you knew. You have more friends, and we all seem to find that out when trouble comes to us. That is Christianity at work, when friends rally to you when you are stricken, or when you have troubles. Our Father taught us to love our neighbors. Our Gospel, the Church to which we belong, teaches it.

Zella, you are going to be lonesome and sad and cast down, but your friends will not let you down. I am happy that you are members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, and I would advise you, as I was advised under similar conditions. I had such trouble come to me. My Bishop came to my home hardly before my wife had

passed away, just as soon as possible. He put his arms around me and he gave me comfort that you'll never know without you get it at that source; and he advised me to look to God for comfort. Keep in touch and be in communication with Him. He will bless you. He will give you that comforting spirit that you cannot get anywhere else. Get and keep in touch with your Ward, with your organizations, and do your duty there.

That was the instructions to me. I had not been as attentive as I could to those because I had had a lot of sickness, and I felt that I was justified sometimes in abstaining from going, but I did go, and I found that that was the place to get my real comfort.

You have family. Zella, you have been close to your Bishop. You've lived close by them and I know they have been close to you, even closer than, sometimes you think. You have a grand Bishop in your Ward now. You had a grand Bishop ahead of him, and you have been so close to them that your Bishop Rasband--he is made out of the kind of material that good bishops come from. I know that. I speak from experience. I was hitched in the harness with a Bishop Rasband when I first came home from my mission, and it was one of the grandest associations of my life; did me more good than anything I could have had. Then later I came to Heber City, and I was again under the influence of another Bishop Rasband and worked for eighteen years as an employee where he was the manager, so I know their worth, and let the Bishop give you advice. He'll give it. He'll be with you. And you boys, you are his friends. You were raised as almost chums and buddies together. Listen to his advice. Let him advise you. Let him invite you to the Church and go to the organizations. Get some comfort from that. There is comfort in doing your duty as Latter-Day Saints. And if you will get the habit of going, you'll find that there is more pleasure coming from serving in the Church and in the capacity of the Lord, and in doing His will than in any other way that you can ever get pleasure.

George has been called to go back home. To go back means that he was once there before coming here, because you cannot go back to a place if you have not been there. I would like to read to prove that there is a Hereafter; that there was a Pre-existence of the Spirit; that George was there. We have Scriptures that substantiates it. I read from John, 6th chapter and the 62nd verse. "What, and if ye shall see the Son of Man ascend up from where He was before. I came forth from the Father and I come into

into the world. Again I leave the world and go to the Father. And now, oh Father, glorify Thou me thine own self with the glory which I had before the world was." Also, I believe I want to read a poem that will more beautifully illustrate what I would like to impress you with on George going home.

The poem is entitled, "Such Is Dying."

"When standing upon the seashore, a ship by my side spreads her white sails in the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean. She is an object of beauty and strength, and I stand and watch her until at length she hangs like a speck of white cloud just where the sea and the sky come to mingle with each other. Then someone at my side says: "There, she's gone." Gone where? Gone from my sight. That is all. She is just as large in mast and hull and spar as she was when she left my side, and just as able to bear her load of living weight to the ~~ve~~ ^{her} destination. Her diminished size is in me, not in her; and just at the moment someone at my side says, "There, she's gone," there are other eyes watching her coming and other voices ready to take up the glad shout, "Here she comes." And such is dying."

George will have outstretched hands on the Other Side to greet him and to welcome him. His good father and mother, and he has others. He has a brother--I don't know how many, but he has got friends, and he will be greeted, and he will be made welcome; and he will be there preparing and waiting for his family,--for some time to come wherein he can help to greet them.

How very much comfort we who are members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints can have if we are truly converted that ours is truly the accepted Church ~~the Church~~ and Gospel of Jesus Christ, and it teaches us that God is a personal being, that we are in His image. How much different is that to the teachings of the Protestant Churches of the world. Sometimes it would do you good to make that comparison, and it will make you appreciate and know how much good, and how true is the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as taught by the Latter-Day Saints.

Time will not permit to make a lot of comparisons on that. Suffice it to say I bear my testimony that it is the Church of Christ, and that it is the accepted Church of our Father which is in Heaven. It teaches us and gives us hope of Eternal Life, life after death. It is written that "If in this life only we have hope, we are of all men most miserable." You may know that. You do know it. If you didn't have in your heart hope that some day after this life has been lived that you would live again, then life would, to you and to anyone else, be most miserable. Our Church is the only

one that so beautifully teaches that we had a Pre-existence before we came here, and that our spirits might have a body. George was there. There was in Heaven our Spirits and there was a convention or a grand calling together of spirits when this world was to be formed; and we voted to stand by Jesus Christ. George voted or he would not have been allowed to have a body in this life. His spirit was allowed to come here and take a body, because he was on that side of the fence; and those who didn't vote that way, were Lucifer, the Son of the Morning. He is the one, or in other words, the Devil, who was cast out because they disagreed in the Plan that was to be laid down in Heaven. ^{the place of} ~~the place of~~ ^{our} ~~our~~ Gospel teaches us that we will have no doubt, and there is no question in my mind as to the Resurrection. It teaches us that when death shall come, it must; that the Resurrection of that body is just as sure as death. Jesus said, "I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." We all know the history of Christ and of His cruel death by crucifixion and His Resurrection the third day, thus bringing about the First Resurrection. I would like again to read from the Scripture, Matthew 27 and the 53 verses, "And the graves were opened and many of the bodies of the Saints who slept, came out of the grave after the Resurrection of Christ, and went into the Holy City, and they appeared unto many." Thus Christ became the first fruits of the Resurrection. The Bible has much proof of a Resurrection but time would not permit me to go to try and give you that much but the Bible has so much, and so much can be said that there is no question of a doubt.

And Zella and the family, I bear you my testimony that the teachings of your Church as to the Resurrection and our association with our loved ones on the Other Side after death is true, just as sure as you are laying your husband, Zella, and the boys their father--down today and burying him, just so sure there will be another day when you will be reunited and enjoy each other's association again. It behooves us to live our lives as best we know, and be prepared when the call shall come to us, that we will be prepared to go and receive the reward which we merit. There is a mansion prepared for us. We have Jesus' word for it. He said, "In my Father's house are many mansions and I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, ye may come also."

May God bless this family. I love them with all my soul and heart, and I'll always be interested. And Zella, your friends have been so many. I know they will rally around you. These beautiful flowers. They spell something. There is sentiment. There is love, there is kindness behind them, and you are blessed with many, many, and a lot of good friends, and may God bless you, and help you, and keep you strong; and your mother is close by you to render a helping hand, and we know she has done that, and it will always be so; and may God bless you all, and may you have the spirit of the Gospel in your souls, I pray for in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen."

Violin Solo - "A Perfect Day," Sister Maurine Thomas, accompanied by Sister Lavada Harrison.

Speaker, Brother George A. Fisher:

"My brothers and sisters, as the strains of that beautiful music courses through our souls, so beautifully rendered, perhaps we could go home and say the mission is over. "When we come to the end of a perfect day and stand alone with our thoughts." I am reminded of those words that that's why we're here today, to bow our heads in humbleness to a power far greater than our own; and in so doing, there is one human, fundamental element which the dictionary calls "Thoughts, as mentioned so beautifully in the hymn just rendered. All of our hopes today; all of our fears; all of our tears; are based upon that one human element, memories. The poet said beautifully, you recall,

"Memories, memories, days of long ago,
You left me alone but still you're my own
In my beautiful memories."

I am speaking as I reminiece to the lovely widow; lonely and lovely widow, Zella, who has been such a perfect pal and companion to such an equally good man whom we knew and loved, and respected as George ^{Alma} Blackley. We are here, therefore, today, in accorance with the will of our Maker, and the plan and philosophy of Joseph Smith. We are here, Brother Danielson said so beautifully, to utter a word of temporary farewell to an old-time friend, George Blackley, and to say to Sister Zella, in humbleness and sincerity that if we could go home feeling tonight that we had added one bit of comfort or lightened her load, we would be happy.

In addressing that remark to her especially, I am not unmindful that this partnership and union which has been already described as having been one of beauty and peace, faithfulness; I say, I am not unmindful of the other stockholders in that concern--four fine sons. The book names them as Emmet--I think Rex is the oldest--Emmett, Bee, Don, all fine, upstanding young men. And to them I extend on behalf of this fine congregation and the many others who would like to be here if they could, the hand of fellowship, and the hope that pleasant memories of their always pleasant Dad will cheer them on in a determination to carry out his lifelong ambition; and that was to be a good husband, a father, a comfort to this lovely mother who will need them now. The same is expressed in a previous song, "I hope that I could erase those lines from his face, and bring back the gold to his hair.". I think if all of us would attempt to cheer her way, now, for she will sit in that old rocking chair. The boys will dedicated themselves to the unfinished task which George so nobly begun--these services will have fulfilled their purpose in the sight of God.

I am grateful therefor, to the family, for this privilege of adding my humble testimony to the worth of their father. My mind keeps turning back, as human minds will, to some particular event or some particular characteristic in the life or the works of the person we have in mind--back across the years when that wonderful element in the human make-up--memory--carries me back across the years nearly half a century to a time when I met George on the pass between Farm Creek and Rock Creek on the Duchesne. He held a special dispensation from the United States Government to trade cattle and horses. Rex has told me that it was from that beginning where he laid the foundation to buy his lovely home.

George was boss in charge of a band of horses, wild horses, being brought in from the Uintah Indian Reservation for shipment to Eastern markets. I was there as a guest in his camp--had business there as a Forest Ranger--and I recall that they were having considerable trouble with an outlaw horse; and I recall too, that it was George, with that calm, quiet courage, that confident air, that subdued the animal, and that same smile carried him through many a tough spot. Zella told me about this only an hour ago--that same pleasant smile won him the beautiful Zella Davis as his bride; and he has

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left it with us. It has been said, you know, that everything that is taken out of this world, leaves something behind. George left in the person of four fine sons the same smiling personality that won him an army of friends wherever he went.

I like to revel in the thought that my association with a man of this kind, and I believe that when my time comes, and I shall go Over There, that God will be good enough to assign me to men who had set down their lives to the music of a rippling brook, or the whisper of a breeze in a pine tree.

I have been asked to present the poem, "The Cowboy Poem" as typical.

"Old and true, never lived where churches grew,
And yet, I've loved creation as it stood
That day You finished it, so long ago,
And looked upon your work, and called it good.
Just let me live my life as I've begun,
And give me work that's open to the sky;
Make me a partner with the wind and sun,
And I won't ask a life that's soft and high.
Make me as big and open as the plains,
As honest as the horse between my knees,
Clean as the wind that blows behind the rains;
Free as the hawk that circles down the breeze.
Just keep an eye on all that's done and said,
Just write me, sometimes, when I turn aside;
And guide me on the long, dim trail ahead,
That reaches upward toward the Great Divide."

We are comforted with the stern reality that George is gone, that he's crossed the Great Divide; that he won't be back. It behooves us then, to try to understand, to try and get the reasoning as presented by Brother Moulton when he told that the ship, when it passes out of sight over there where the sky and the horizon meet, is lost only to our mortal vision, and that this is not the end. Till that time arrives when we know all that is on the Other Side, I see no other thing than to try to get some comfort out of these truths that are presented. The poet told us, "Is it not a beautiful fancy, this sunset thought of mine?"

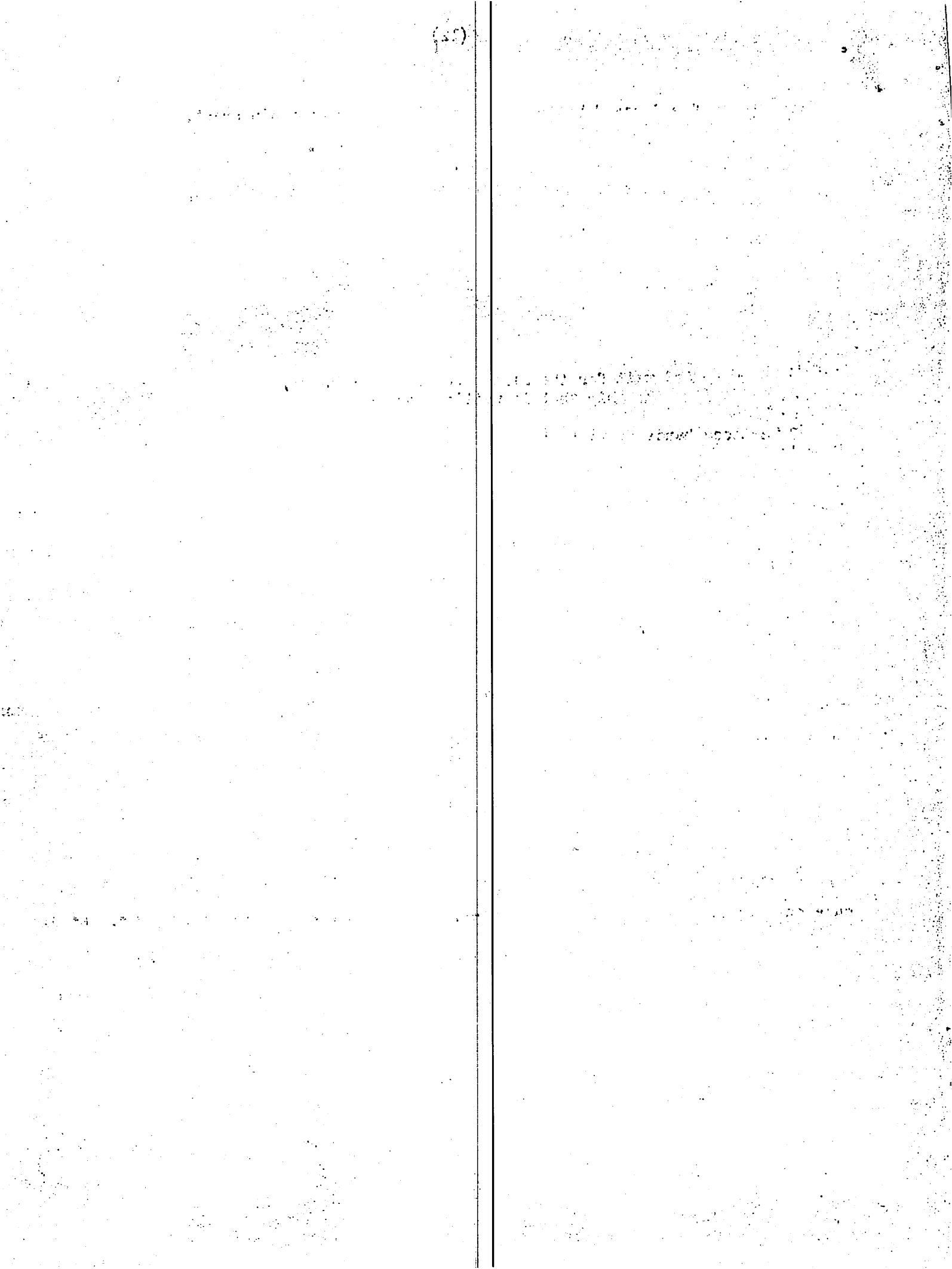
That the gates of heaven are always open at the end of the day's decline;
That those who'se day is ended of earthly woes and ills,
Have passed to the morning brightness that shines on the heavenly hills."

This same memory that we have been talking about recalls to me that not many days ago, Bp. Rasband, at a service similar to this, made the remark that death is not the master. Death is not the boss, and the truth has been mentioned by a thinker who said: "Death is not the end. It is only a new beginning. Death is not the master of the

house. It is only the porter at the king's lodge appointed to open the gate and let in the king's guests into the realm of eternal day."

A President of the United States once said, "If I thought this were the end, I think I should go mad." And from other sources we have, in Corinthians it is written: "Death is swallowed up in victory." And the next verse goes on to say, "Oh, death, where is thy sting?" Oh, death, where is thy victory?" On every hand we see an indication. We are reminded by the elements that in approaching winter will still into seeming death every plant life in this particular locality. Those plants are not dead. When the warming rays of an April sun will chase away the wintry blasts, these plants will come back again in a glorious growth of new life; and the thought was beautifully expressed by a great American speaker and thinker who said, "We have been to Cairo and obtained wheat that has been slumbering for three thousand years in an Egyptian tomb. As he looked upon the grains of wheat there came to his mind the thought that if one of those grains of wheat had been planted on the banks of the Nile, the year after it grew, and all its lineal descendants had been planted and replanted, its progeny would now be sufficient to feed the teeming millions of the world. It went on to philosophize that--and I think these words are about his--,"If that invisible germ of life which we cannot see in the wheat, are thus permitted to live through three thousand years, I shall not doubt that my soul shall be clothed in a newer and better form when this earthly frame shall crumble into dust."

I was struck with the remarks of Brother Moulton about the ship that was crossing, and when we, too, have crossed the tempestuous sea of trouble called life, I'm hoping that I will find over there on the other shore, friends as good and as true as George Blackley is. There's a beautiful line, I think we have time to go over it. It reminds us that our span upon this earth is rated at three score and ten, and that--keep in mind also--at the beginning of this century the span of life in these United States was slightly more than thirty years; that even now, over the world, the average life's span is about thirty years; and that in the United States, through better living and better methods of science--call it what you will--the span is increasing up towards fifty, but even in the face of that, some day we are going to be compelled to meet



George Blackley. The thought is expressed beautifully in the poem, "Two Ships".

"As I stand by the cross on the lonely mountain crest,
Looking over the ultimate sea,
In the gloom of the mountain a ship lies at rest,
And one sails away from the lee.
One spreads it's white wings on a far-reaching track,
With pennant and sheet flowing free,
One hides in the shadows and sails late aback,
The ship is waiting for me.
But, Lo, in the distance the clouds break away,
The gates glowing portals I see,
And I hear from the out-going ship in the bay,
The song of the sailors in glee.
So I think of the luminous footprints that it bore,
The comfort for dark Galilee,
seeking with every wave for the signal to go to the shore,
When the ship that is waiting for me."

Relentless hands of time remind us that these services, like all human activities, must come to a close. I would feel derelict in my mission here today however, if I failed to lay a tribute of a few words at the feet of the woman these boys knew as Grandmother, Aunt Lizzie Davis; and all I need to say is repeat what you already know, that she has lived up to that title of grandmother with queenly dignity. And now, let us pray that when time, the great healer shall have dulled the agony of these people's loss; when tears have ceased to blind them, they will be able to see what I see now, a fine sea of fine faces offering to give them the one thing and the best thing, God grant us to give and that is our heartfelt sympathy. May the Man of God's peace and courage rest upon us in abundance is my earnest prayer in the name of Jesus, Amen."

Bp. Rasband:

"My dear brothers and sisters, I have purposely left what few remarks I desire to make on this occasion, thinking that Pres. Cummings would be able to get here. He was requested to be one of the speakers. He's loading sheep, but he said if it was humanly possible, he would be here for this occasion, and inasmuch as he is not, I know, and the family know that something has happened that has made it impossible for him to be here.

I have lived neighbors to this family for a number of years and I want to tell you they are good neighbors. Never did you go to the home of Zella but what she made you feel that she was indebted to you for something. She gave you a welcome that when

you left you thought you were committing a sin because you were going. That was the spirit of friendliness that was in that home. That was the spirit that she was able to radiate out among her friends and her neighbors when they called upon her; and I want to tell you that she has been an angel of mercy to those in the neighborhood that have been sick; those who have not been able to take care of themselves--she has been their errand girl. She has gone to the store for them. She has gone to their home and waited on them, and done many of those kind things that only a lovely woman can do.

George and Zella were ~~two~~ very industrious people. They worked together. They tried to save a portion of every dollar that they made. They've been very thrifty, and they enjoy each other's association and have gathered around them some of the comforts of life. They've been able to live and enjoy each others companionship, and I know as the neighbors pass, they look at that empty rocking chair on the back porch, and they'll know that Zella's lonesome; and I hope that they'll call on her and give her companionship and company that will help her to pass the weary hours which will face her in the near future.

These boys have been devoted to their father and mother--have been good to them, and as I look at these beautiful grandchildren, Zella and George were so proud of them, I think of the wonderful posterity which they are leaving. Not as long as these beautiful grandchildren live to carry on their work in life will George and Zella be dead. And we'll think of them. These fine looking sons remind us of their fine-looking father and mother whenever we see them.

Zella and her mother have been devoted to each other. Early in the morning--late at night, all hours of the day, you could see Zella running up to Aunt Liz's or Aunt Liz would be going to Zella's--something under their arm that they were taking back and forth to each other. There was a grand spirit of mother and daughter that existed between them, and as I've gone into Aunt Liz's home, I can see where Zella got part of her qualities, as Brother George referred to, because she's a lovely woman; she's a gracious woman; she's a woman that makes you feel welcome, makes you feel that you're her friend and that she appreciates your coming and visiting with her.

The Gospel of Jesus Christ is a glorious thing. It's the Plan of Salvation. It's

the Plan which our Heavenly Father adopted by which His children in the Spirit World can be born into this world; through which they could gain the experiences of mortality, and after they have completed their lives here, they will go back and stand before their Maker to be judged according to the things they have done here in the flesh. "And I am sure that the reward of Zella and George will be good. There'll be work for them to do. There's work for these children to think about doing and I hope the time will not be too far distant that this work will be taken care of which I am sure it will.

I want to express a word of appreciation to you for Zella and these boys, Aunt Liz and all the boys, for your kindness while George has been sick. In our block, this is the third father that we have had in the last year of heart trouble, and this is the third individual whose life has been extended because of the goodness of a good wife; because of her waiting upon them, being ever alert to watch for their every need and give them every care that they could be given, and there's no doubt in my mind but what Sister Zella, because of her kindness, because of her diligence, because of her watchfulness, has been able to enjoy the association of her husband for a longer period of time than otherwise would have been possible. So, I say, during the sickness, they appreciate the many kind things that you have done for them, your visits to the home. Those days were long, and George looked for you to come and visit him, and when some of his friends and neighbors didn't go, he asked why they didn't come; and I want you to think of that in regard to your other neighbors and friends. Let's be a little more friendly; let's do a little more visiting, because we'll enjoy it and the Lord will bless us for it.

I want to express thanks and appreciation for these beautiful flowers that have been brought here for this occasion; for the food and every kindness that has been rendered both during the sickness and now at the time of the death of Brother George. They all are appreciative of it. They won't be able to express their appreciation to you. This is, perhaps, the only means that most of you will be given that thanks, but it comes from the bottom of their hearts through me to you.

Our closing song will be a solo by Brother Bert Dayton, and he will sing, "Going Home," after which Brother Clyde Broadbent will offer the closing prayer. The postlude

will be played by Sister Vera Rasband, and the graveside prayer at the cemetery will be offered by Brother Joseph W. Simmons."

Vocal solo, "Going Home," Brother Bert Dayton, accompanied by Sister Merle Rasband.

"Going home, going home,
I'm a'going home,
Quiet-like some still day, I'm just going home.
It's not far, just close by, through an open door;
Work all done; care laid by; going to fear no more.
Mother's there expecting me; Father's waiting too,
Lots of folk gathered there,
All the friends I knew.

Nothing's lost, all's gained;
No more fret nor pain,
No more stumbling on the way
No more longing for the day,
Going to roam no more.

Morning star lights the way,
Restless dream all done;
Shadow's gone; break of day;
Real life's just begun.
There's no break; there's no end;
Just a'living on,
Wide awake with a smile,
Going on and on;
Going home, going home,
I'm just going home.
It's not far; just close by,
Through an open door,
I'm just going home."

Benediction, Brother Clyde Broadbent:

"Our kind Heavenly Father, we are grateful unto Thee for this beautiful hour of worship. We are grateful unto Thee for the beautiful music which has been rendered this day, and for the wonderful words of consolation and solace which have been spoken.

We ask, Father in Heaven, that those words might reach into our hearts, especially into the hearts of those who have been caused to mourn at this time, that they might bring real comfort and consolation.

Father in Heaven, we are grateful for the privilege we have of living in this beautiful, peaceful valley; for the friendship we enjoy, one with another. We are grateful for the privilege we have of sorrowing with those who are our friends, and to share their burdens.

We ask Thee, Father in Heaven, to bless us in this community that we might always

have peace in our hearts and that we might also have peace in this land of ours. Bless those this day who have been caused to mourn that Thy Spirit and comfort might abide with them in their home; that they might be able to overcome their grief and enjoy life here upon this earth.

We thank Thee, our Father in Heaven, for the privilege we have had of being a friend to this man whom we now lay at rest, even George Blackley. We are grateful for his neighborliness, for his friendship, for the good that he has done in our lives. We ask that his memory might be one which will bring comfort and hope to his family that they might always think of him in a manner that will cause them to live righteously before Thee. ^{Not} ^{ill's} ^{more} ^{rest} ^{nor} ^{gain.}

We ask Thee now, to bless those who might journey to the cemetery that no harm may befall any, that this funeral service might be brought to a beautiful conclusion. We ask that Thy Spirit might always abide with us, that we might desire to serve Thee and keep Thy commandments all of which we ask in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen."

Rest in peace, Sister Vera Blackley.

Flowers were cared for by the Relief Society sisters of the Heber First Ward.

Graveside prayer was offered by Brother Joseph W. Simmons.

Pallbearers:

Burial was in the Heber City Cemetery under the direction of the Olpin Mortuary.

Sound recording by George W. Johnson.